THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are."

THOUGH I have a great propensity to talk and write, yet I would not depend entirely upon my own ability or industry to furnish sufficient matter for a regular paper: having before observed, that, the promise of assistance from my friends emboldened me to undertake so arduous a task; and as their effusions will occasionally appear before the publick, I shall previously give some account of those few, with whom I enjoy the most pleasing hours of social intercourse.

As we frequently meet together without any formality, I shall begin with the first that comes in my head, without any partiality, or attention to order and precedence.—— Mr. STEADY, is a man of plain manners, quiet habits, and correct conduct: he has a mind strong enough to render him conspicuous in a profession which requires great comprehension and depth of thought, as well as the most patient and laborious investigation: yet when disengaged from business, he exhibits the most playful humour, and has an imagination so full of strange shapes, which he puts together so fantastically, and describes with so much pleasantry as to shake the sides of the gravest among us. Though he sees the odd side of things with as quick an eye as any one, and can describe them as oddly and strongly as they appear to him; yet his propensity to laugh at ludicrous scenes or characters, never goes beyond those bounds which the liberal are willing to allow the good-natured. His manners are gentle and engaging; his heart without guile, and his wit without gall.

RICHARD RAZORBLADE, esq. is of a much higher temper; he is polish'd, and bright, and keen: he likes not to dull his edge by "hewing blocks," though he will now and then have a slash at them when there's no better game; but the marks at which his arrows are shot with most force and success, are those who assume qualities and appearances which are foreign to their natures, which they have no just pretensions to, and which sit on them with so awkward a grace as to invite ridicule too strongly to be resisted. For instance, a solemn pedant, who has spent most of his days in learning the words of several languages, without acquiring two ideas that would serve in the common affairs of life, or facilitate the progress of useful knowledge; sitting up stiffly in his chair like "Sir Oracle," mistaking formality for wisdom, and dullness for dignity: or a gay young coxcomb, that has left his school a twelvemonth, with money enough in his pocket to gratify his whimsies and make his folly conspicuous; mistaking pertness for vivacity, struting for grace, impudence for ease, and a parrot like repetition of coarse ribaldry gleaned from battered rakes, jockies, and gamblers; for wit, humour and spirit: or the man of monied importance, whether acquired by plodding parsimony, or a dashing speculation, in which the property of another was at stake; no matter how—who possessing riches, thinks himself deficient in nothing, and entitled to every thing; who concludes his prosperity to be the effect of his own uncommon sagacity; imagines himself knowing on all subjects, and talks so loud and confident of what he don't understand as to bear down with the impetuosity of his arrogance men of modest genius and solid acquirements: these, and other characters of prominent absurdity, my friend Razorblade holds to be fair butts, and they never provoke him, without receiving such severe handling as they are ill qualified to bear and by no means able to return. This satirical spirit has created him some enemies, for mortified vanity turns to bitterest rancour, and is not scrupulous about the means of revenge; but this gives him no concern; he is elevated far above the reach of little minds, and their futile efforts recoil upon themselves. Yet with all this, there is no man possessed

of more real kindness of heart, more liberality of mind, or who treats his friends with more delicate attention, and cordial unassuming affability: but his impatience of fools and impertinents, is unconquerable.

The next is NATHAN SCRUPLE, one of the society of Friends, who, though cautious and reserved with mankind in general, is yet sufficiently unbending and sociable with us; his manners are as simple as his garments, nor is his intellect below those of quicker apprehension; he views things with scrupulous and dubious attention, and his judgement, though generally right, travels sometimes by such tedious stages towards a conclusion, that men of voluble tongues and rapid fancies would be almost tempted to call him dull: but the probity of his character, and kindness of his disposition secures him from disrespect; and many who have made up their minds with greater celerity, have afterwards found occasion to retrace their ground again and again, and at last confess that though he was slow, he was more certain than themselves. He is well acquainted with his own powers, and if he don't seize quickly, he grasps firmly and holds fast. An opinion once deliberately made up in his mind, is not to be shaken by high sounding declamation, or weakened by the most plausible sophistry. For his moral principles, they would stand the severest test, and he would resolutely suffer martyrdom rather than permit them to be contaminated by the spurious virtue of a modern *philosophist*.

WILL WHYMSICAL, is another member of our society; a sprightly, ingenious, companionable fellow; no man seizes a new idea with more avidity, or exchanges it with more readiness for another; his spirits are always gay, and his imagination so hurried, that his notions are perpetually jostling and shoving each other out of place, to make way for new ones; yet his singular mode of thinking and pleasant way of expressing himself, seldom fails to promote cheerfulness, and sometimes a high degree of merriment. Will has seen a great part of the world as well as myself; but with such eyes, and through such strange mediums, the world was never seen before. Scruple and he, often amuse us with most comical discussion, but as one is too slow and the other too fast, they never meet in any conclusion. Will seldom enters into serious argument or attempts to handle a weighty subject; he flits along the surface, and sometimes dips a little, but never goes deep, lest, (to use his own words,) he should get out of his depth. Friend Scruple, drily told him not to be under any apprehension on that account, for feathers and cork never sink: however, no man bears a joke better than Will; he'll turn it off with considerable dexterity, glide into some other subject so neatly, and elude pursuit with such address as to leave his opponent wondering how he slipt through his fingers. He is also a great favourite with the ladies; all those topics which most engage their attention, he has at his tongue's-end; he hears their debates on every part of fashionable dress, and elegant ornament, gives his own opinion with so much earnestness, and tells so many agreeable little anecdotes, that they think him the very pink of gallantry: and as he pays no one particular attention, he excites neither envy or jealousy, but like the winged tribe, rambles from flower to flower with careless gaity, amusing himself and intending no one any evil.

Last, though not least, let me introduce CAPTAIN FRANKLY, the friend of my early youth, and the son of the bosom friend of my father. His person is above the middle size, strong but elegantly formed; his animated and ingenuous countenance is the true index of a noble and generous spirit, whose unsullied honour, uudaunted courage and mild humanity are blended in happy unison. With the manly deportment and martial dignity, of the soldier, he combines the ease and suavity of the finished gentleman; open and active as the light of Heaven; sensible, affectionate and just. He puts on no airs of importance, nor attempts to look fierce at peaceable men; because he feels the consciousness of honest worth, and can face honourable danger with calm intrepidity. He never speaks to his inferiors in the tone of insolent superiority, or supercilious contempt, or insults them by affected condescension; because he respects the feelings of his fellow man in whatever situation providence has placed him. He can please without any apparent effort, because his temper is cheerful and his heart benevolent. None can see him without wishing to be better acquainted with him, and none can know him as I do, without esteeming him as the most amiable of the noblest works of GOD.

I have many other acquaintances, and some of them very agreeable ones, who occasionally visit me; but these gentlemen are my constant and most intimate associates; and one evening when they were all collected at my house, I produced the manuscript Prospectus of this work. When it was read, I perceived a sarcastic smile on Razorblade's countenance, and as this was a favorite Hobby of mine, I begged he would curry him gently. He gave me credit for the plan and the motives which actuated me, but drew such a spirited and poignant picture of the various inhabitants of this city, placed them in such lights, and gave them such untoward aspects, that the most sanguine could gain but little encouragement from the view. Mr. Steady gently remonstrated with him for shewing the worst ap-

pearances in the worst point of view, and rather overcharging them. He made us laugh heartily at his droll anticipation of the strange conjectures and observations that it would produce; but still thought there were some who would willingly foster the attempt for the sake of amusement, others would encourage it for the pleasure of seeing their own productions in print, and that a respectable asylum for fugitive pieces was an object very much to be desired.

"Friend Easy," said Scruple, "I applaud thy intentions and will not dissuade thee from making the trial, but I fear the people of this city will not spare time to read thy opinions, while the news-papers contain so many advertisements in which they are more concerned: some of the country folks may perhaps take thy paper, to help pass away the winter evenings, but not enough to defray the expenses thou wilt be at, besides, there are divers other reasons might be urged, "which I hope you'll not give now," says Will Whymsical—"I like the plan and think it will do very well; it is hard if the busiest of us can't find time to read six or eight pages once a week; and to make them do so, we must have plenty of variety—we'll have essays, and stories, and criticism, and songs; with charades, rebusses, epigrams, riddles, and twenty other things ——"Poo, poo," interrupted Razorblade, "there is enough of such trash, all over the world; if we must write, let us endeavour to make the giddy think, the callous feel, and raise a blush where there never was one before; let each of us exert his particular talent, and we shall produce variety enough. Easy shall give us serious essays, and tell interesting stories; the result of his general intercourse with mankind, and his experience. It would be to no purpose to define what course Whymsical shall take, for he'll not stick to any point long, so we'll leave him *ad libitum*. Friend Scruple shall furnish us with maxims of prudence, proverbs of antient times, and now and then a grave lecture on vanity. As for Steady, he will enliven the work with his humourous descriptions, or a piece of good-natured irony; the Captain shall grace the page with the productions of his muse, for I know not who is so great a favourite of the nine, and deservedly so, as himself: and if you will trust me with the rod of satire, I promise you it shan't be spared; but at the same time be assured, it shall only be inflicted where milder means are ineffectual. Captain Frankly, "thought that no probable conjecture could at present be formed of its success; he wished the experiment might be made, and readily offered his services in the poetical department whenever his muse would favour him with her influence."

After this discussion was over, I could not help informing them that I had acted according to the custom of people in general when they ask advice (viz.) determine the matter before hand; that the Prospectus was actually in the press, and every preparation made for carrying the business on. Scruple thought I decided rather hastily, but joined with the rest in promising to aid and assist when they were in the humour, or when it was necessary. The meeting then broke up, and I was left perfectly *easy*.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

I am one of those who were much pleased with your notice announcing the alteration in the plan of publication. With some others of my acquaintance, I had many objections against the "single-essay" mode; a principle one was, that it would entirely exclude that variety of pieces and subjects in which, in so great a degree, consists the spirit and beauty of Magazines. For it is impossible to please the grave moralist with "trifles light as air"—and equally impossible to detain the light and airy, (but perhaps, equally good in heart) to listen to the profound discussions of the philosopher. You have, therefore, in my humble opinion, hit upon the very method to please generally, by giving grave and gay in the same sheet.

But, sir, there's another reason why *I* was pleased with the proposed alteration:—I have in my possession a number of old books and papers, that have been buried the Lord knows how long in the bottom of my father's old pine chest, company for no one but themselves, except when I find myself in a melancholy mood—then I appeal to the said chest in the garret, where I invariably find something pleasing. Now my design is to procure situations for some of them in your Miscellany, that at the end of the year, when I have your volume bound, I may introduce *them* to genteeler company, by placing *it* in my library. If you are willing to indulge me in this little amusement, you will convince me thereof by inserting the enclosed paper, which will much gratify, your's, &c. T.

N. B. In some of them I find whole lines defaced; and sometimes an entire paragraph has been devoured by a set of ravenous mice, who respect no one's property, provided they think it may be appropriated to any useful purpose of their own. In all such cases I would thank you kindly if you would desire the printer to insert my MS. lines in *italics*, or between inverted commas; that I may be enabled hereafter to know my own little ones from these resuscitated orphans.

THE TRIFLER—No. I.

[I had just alighted and taken a dish of tea, after a hard evening's ride from Annapolis, where legal business had rendered my presence necessary for a few days, when I was called on by a member of a social club to accompany him to our place of meeting. We had no sooner arrived there than we] joined a set of excellent fellows, whose evening pleasures flowed from the purest spring in the world; an industrious and faithful discharge of the business and duties of the day. I seated myself among them without hesitation or ceremony; and as my mind, as well as body, had been very much employed during the afternoon, a glass or two immediately strengthened my nerves, and instantly hurried my spirits into the most luxuriant enjoyment of my friends and their humour.

After a long and an exquisite burst of the social raptures was exhausted, I retired within myself, exulting in the most cordial reflections concerning the happiness and dignity of the human race.

Good God! said I to myself, (suddenly changing my opinion) we must certainly be mere machines, actuated differently by the most trifling causes.——What a kindly mood am I now in! With what complacency do I look upon myself and all mankind! This is the effect of exercise, for you, said I, *(taking up a segar)*—Why, if I had been confined to my room by rain, or had suffered this day to pass over me without any exertion of the corporeal or mental faculties, this excellent company which I am now so fond of I should have detested.——Their mirth, instead of enlivening me, would have excited my spleen. I should, most assuredly, have left them with an affected contempt, or sat in silent dissatisfaction under the pressure of their amusements.

At this instant a thought came across me, which threw me into the strangest agitation imaginable.——I lit my segar with amazing dispatch—and without regarding, or being noticed by, the company, I fell a puffing away like a fury.——This will do very well, said I, *(puffing)* very well indeed—*(puffing)*—As it seems to be a settled axiom, that a man can never be sad who is well employed, I will engage in business myself—I will take a ramble through life, for I have nothing else to do, and write a journal of my actions—I will produce an ideal being—a TRIFLER, for instance; who shall range, as far as he is able, through the *Wilds* of *Fancy*, the *Works* of *Nature*, and the *Manners* of *Men*.——Suppose we begin with the ramble of to-day? I am sure, if the succeeding ones should answer no other end, than that of making me as happy as I am to-night, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble.——But suppose now, *(puffing as fast as possible)* if we can make these excursions subservient to the cause of virtue, and agreeable in the perusal, we should venture to publish them.

I took such a quantity of smoke into my mouth with the word publish, that a suffocation must have inevitably ensued, had I not got the better of it by such a violent fit of coughing, sneezing, and disastrous tribulation, as drew on me the attention of the company.

Hollow! cries one, what the d—l is the matter with you? Give him some water or he'll be choaked, says another. Tap him on the back, exclaims a third.——Pray, gentlemen, says I, *(coughing, and squeezing the words out as well as I could)* let me alone—'tis nothing but the tobacco gone the wrong way—I shall do again presently.

They were satisfied with this account of myself; and resumed their places, with a loud laugh at the accident, leaving me to recover at my leisure.

There is a malicious kind of pleasure frequently exercised, by the most candid and benevolent of mankind, upon the most simple and unfortunate of the human species.——A poor disappointed *Projector* had unluckily joined this company, and was, with infinite pains, describing to them the many schemes he had, during his life, put in execution, which, by some cross accident or other, were always rendered abortive; whilst his audience, I found, were listening to him with great attention, mixt with a certain ironical leer upon their countenances, that plainly indicated, that their patience and complaisance, in complying with the humour of the deluded sufferer, proceeded from no other motive, than to sport with his misfortunes, and laugh at his folly.

I am glad, said I to myself, they know nothing of my scheme.

Whether, from the feelings of my heart, which cannot bear to perceive real distress in a ridiculous situation, or that I was too much interested myself, in the wretched *schemer's* embarrassment, to continue in the company any longer, I will not presume to determine; but I took a French leave, retired to my lodgings, and, as I intend to convert every occurrence in life to some moral purpose or other, I lay me down in bed, with a firm resolution, to write, the next morning, an essay upon an *unfortunate projector*.

We return our respectful thanks to "T." for the preceding communication—and hope, that as time and occasion serve, he will continue to visit the *pine chest*; while we promise to do our part towards dressing up the ragged

orphans, and rendering them fit company for his own children: always attentive to observe the respective marks by which they may hereafter be distinguished.

We are not altogether unacquainted with the source from which the "*Trifler*" obtains his *means*; but whatever the means, or from whence they are derived, we care not, so long as the entertainment afforded our readers is rational, instructive and amusing—and so long as his papers, original, selected, or compound, contain nothing immodest nor party-coloured—but every way squaring to the principles laid down in the Prospectus to this work.

Though "T." is the first, yet we hope he will not be the only one, to come forward as an auxilliary in the Literary Campaign now opened.

THE BURIAL—AN EXTRACT.

"'Tis done!" said Emmeline as I entered the room—"'tis done! and now his little spirit has passed the confines of mortality!" I drew back! she was in the delirium of reflection, and I remained unperceived. "'Yes," continued Emmeline, leaning over her lifeless babe, as she wiped the repining tears: "he is gone! the delight of my existence is for ever snatched from maternal embraces! But he is not dead! he only reposes in the arms of immortality, whence I shall again receive him! Yet his father: ah! my beloved partner! little dost thou think of this disaster. No, thou art distant, and unconscious of it. When thou returnest, how wilt thou bear the loss of thy little Henry!"——"My amiable friend," said I, approaching the weeping Emmeline, "I was come to enquire respecting the health of your infant, and I see that he is well." "Well!" repeated Emmeline, "he is well: 'tis enough; his sorrows are past! My friend," said this charming mother, "I did not once imagine that I could have resigned myself to a dispensation so severe." "And what," interrupted I, "has effected such a happy change in your disposition?" "Ah!" replied Emmeline, "I was then young, inattentive to truth, and ignorant of true peace! Like most young people, I never perused a volume from which I have since learnt in what happiness consists: to be resigned to the will of providence here, and trace by the chart which he has given us in divine truth, the road to a brighter state." "But," demanded I, "have you never any apprehensions that this chart may be erroneous?" "None;" rejoined Emmeline, "for though I never examined the external authorities, which I am told confirm my guide; and though I hear of many who have done it with more wisdom and penetration than I can possibly boast, aver that it is defective; I have an evidence that compels me to reject their doubts. My heart, whenever I peruse the pages of holy writ, beats so in unison with their contents, that nature, which philosophers tell us should be our director, must be mistaken if I am wrong."

When the corps of Henry was to be interred, Emmeline attended it to the grave. I was unspeakably impressed with her deportment. In her features you might discern the triumph of resignation over the struggles of sorrow: she "shone in tears!" Never shall I forget the sympathetic assent given by every heart present, when the good pastor uttered that glorious assurance, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body; yet, in my flesh shall I see God."——"Yes; my redeemer liveth!" exclaimed Emmeline—"and Henry, I shall meet thee in his presence. We are parted to re-unite where tears shall cease to flow!" And this is the religion, thought I, "that sceptics would exterminate."

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

PLAYS have become so numerous and their titles are so various that two people might keep up a conversation of considerable length, or a political declaimer compose a long piece, with using little else than those titles.——We find a curious instance of it in a late London print, which we insert below, for the amusement of the *comic*-al.

THE GREEN-ROOM OPINION
OF THE THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Should the modern *Tamerlane* revive the tragedy of *England Invaded*, and in the progress of his *Wild-goose Chace*, escape *the Tempest*, he will still find that, with us, it is *Humours of the Age* to be *Volunteers*. He will prove that we have many a *Plain Dealer* who will tear off *the Mask*, under which *the Hypocrite*, this *Fool of Fortune*, this *Choleric Man*, has abused a credulous world. Should he to *a Wonder*, attempt *a Trip to Scarborough*, to set them *All alive at Portsmouth*, or to get *on both sides the gutter*, he will assuredly meet *a Chapter of Accidents* on his *Road to Ruin*; for *Britannia and the Gods are in Council*, to make him a *Castle Spectre*: he will, too late, discover *the Secret* of *Who's the Dupe*; and that it is *the Custom of the Country* of *John Bull*, to shew *the Devil to Pay* to any *Busy Body*, who seeks to enforce on us *Reformation*.

This *Double Dealer*, who has excited dismay *Abroad and at home*, and gained *Notoriety* by the magnitude of the mischiefs he has atchieved, still presumes, by the *Wheel of Fortune*, like another *Pizarro*, to satiate his *Revenge*,

and to learn *How to grow Rich*, by renewing the distressing scenes of *the Siege of Damascus*; until, amongst the desolated ruins of our city, he should establish himself like a *London Hermit*. That *he would if he could*, is past all doubt; but if he will take *a Word to the Wise*, from a *Man of the World*, he will believe *He's much to blame*, and *All in the wrong*; for *the Doctor and the Apothecary* are in *the Committee*; and by good *Management*, are forward in *the Rehearsal* of the lively comedy of *the Way to keep him*, under *Lock and Key*. They may not be able to produce for him *a Cure for the Heart-ach*, or for the *Vapourish Man*, but they will shew him at least *Cheap Living*; and prove that he has sown his *Wild Oats* in a *Commedy of Errors*.

The Poor Soldier, whose generous heart expands to render *Love for Love*, is like the gallant and gay Lothario, armed for either field, and prepared to give *Measure for Measure*; and to convert *the Agreeable Surprize*, which the Acre *Runaway* anticipates in *the Camp*, from the *Beau Stratagem* into *a tale of Mystery*. *Appearances are against him*, as well as *the Chances*; but he is a desperate *Gamester* —and, although his schemes of conquest will end in *Much ado about nothing*, like a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*, yet he is *the Heir at Law* to our hate; and *Every one has his Fault*, if he does not unite to revive the splendid scenes of *Edward the Black Prince* and *Henry the Fifth*, when France trembled beneath our arms at Cressy and Agincourt.

COMMENTARIES ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND, VERSIFIED BY EDWARD LEICOMB, FROM THE TEXT OF SIR WM. BLACKSTONE.

The motives for such an extraordinary publication will be best explained by the translator himself, from whose preface the following is extracted:

"The advantages," continues Mr. Leicomb, after enumerating the difficulties attendant on his arduous undertaking, "must be obvious at the first sight, to the meanest capacity. The utility of verse in the communication of knowledge is really incalculable, its aid to the memory is inconceivable, in rendering the recollection of what we would wish to retain far easier than any other mode which has been yet adopted. This important truth has been incontrovertibly established by experience and the approbation of every succeeding age. Another important reason for which I was induced to undertake this work, is the preference which youthful minds generally give to poetical ornament. After dwelling on the majestic and sublime descriptions of Homer and the Mantuan Bard, and other pleasing pursuits which preceded the study of law, the student enters with disappointment on the dry and unentertaining doctrines of jurisprudence, and pursues them often with disgust. I hope in some measure to obviate this serious inconvenience, by cloathing in verse the lectures of Sir William Blackstone, which is generally the first book that is put into the young student's hands." Thus continues Mr. L.—But I will fill the remainder of my paper with one or two quotations from this curious work.—The first book only has yet appeared; and in the second chapter is the following paragraph, which varies very little from the text:—

"Thus when the Great Unknown from nothing form'd
This universe, and out of chaos wild
And anarchy created matter, he
On it impress'd fix'd principles and laws,
Without whose agency 'twould cease to be.
When he imparted motion to the world,
Of motion he establish'd certain laws,
To which all bodies, moveable themselves,
Did erst submit. So when the artist forms
Of wondrous mechanism, the little watch,
Whose faithful hand describes the varying hour,
So long as faithful to the laws prescrib'd,
Its operations prove, it moves complete,
And answers every end for which 'twas form'd."

And in chapter 9, book 1st. are the following remarks on the statute of Elizabeth, for Provision for the Poor:—

"Whereas, if only they whom cheerless want
And poverty with all its woes depress—
If only they who, heirs to Misery,
Ne'er knew the comfort of a wintry garb,
Were cloth'd, and for their labour amply paid,
Soon industry would smile in every cot,
And sweet contentment on each feature beam;
The humble peasant would no more repine,
But work with pleasure at his daily task;
No murmurs would the blithsome swain express,
Nor e'er disquietude his rest disturb.
Well would he know, that when the hand of time,
Had scatter'd o'er his head the frost of age,
Or weakness had enfeebled every limb,
Then, and then only, would the rich stretch forth
The fostering hand of comfort and of ease;
Or when the tender spring of innocence and youth
Forbad his offspring for themselves to toil,
Mild charity would for each want provide,
And watch them with a parent's gentle care."

THEATRICALS.

We are happy to see our theatrical friends exerting themselves so much, and so successfully of late: while they give us the plays of Shakespear or Goldsmith, they will have no reason to complain of thin houses. We think the present company, thin as it is, might find, and get

up several excellent plays from the vast number of English Dramatic authors, without having recourse to the vile trash of Kotzebue. Mr. Warren's exhibition of "the unimitated and unimitable Falstaff" gave great and general satisfaction. We know he has no equal in that character in this country, nor do we believe there is a better Falstaff at present in Europe. In the merry wives of Windsor, many scenes were portray'd with great truth and spirit, and the merry wives supported him with archness and vivacity. Blisset gave Doctor Caius in a very characteristick style, so as to make us lose the idea of his own identity in the person he represented; which is certainly a just criterion of good acting: but we are sorry to find any fault with so pleasing a performer as Mr. Jefferson: his Hugh Evans, instead of being the formal and choleric Welsh pedant, was degraded into a sneaking and contemptible driveller, which Shakespear never designed. Ford was sufficiently jealous, angry and vigilant to prevent his apparently impending destiny; the traits of this character were judiciously discriminated, and correctly displayed, as are all the performances of Mr. Wood; who, we congratulate on the obvious and rapid improvement he has made. Warren shone again on Saturday night, particularly in the scene with the chief justice, and his last interview with the new king; the scene with the bailiffs, and with the two justices were also excellent, but his encounters with Doll, and with Sir John Colevile wanted spirit. We hope to be gratified with one more exhibition of Falstaff before the theatre closes.

The following tender and delicate little Story is from Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture, &c. under the head of "Travelling Memorandums."

At a village not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury, I overheard the following conversation. "I would give my heart," said a well looking young man to a beautiful girl who sat beside him—"I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while." 'And pray,' said Susan, with an arch expressive look, 'where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself?' "You little enchanting rogue," said he, with an emphatic look which met her consuming eye, "and you pretend not to know where it has been!" Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecstatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed—'Well Robin,' said she, 'I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give: but alas! it is gone, and I fear will never more be within my power.' "And when did this little wanderer take flight?" said he; "and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee?" "It made its escape," said she, "the moment that I knew I had got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew direct, and here it took refuge (putting her hand upon his breast:) feel how the little flutterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin,' said she (concealing her face upon his bosom) 'and will prove ever true to you.'——"Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan," said he (pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon hers, the rapturous tears flowing copiously adown) for now you have made me the happiest of mankind." Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring; and blessings on all mankind. My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

A BAD WIFE HERE AND THERE.

Dr. B. being once in a large company at dinner, was seated between Mrs. Lowth and Mrs. Sherlock; the conversation happened to turn upon wives, when B. said, that he believed wives in general were good, though to be sure there might be a bad one *here* and *there*, nodding alternately at the two ladies.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Blaguy, a divine of celebrity, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was, "*All wisdom is sorrow*," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchesrer school:

"If what you advance dear Doctor be true,
That *wisdom is sorrow*,—how wretched are you."

LOCKE.

It was once the custom for gentlemen to wear their locks curled in a peculiar fashion. A sparkish academic, who had more hair than brains, sitting next a wag, the latter gently touching one of his locks said, "Sir, it is very fine upon my word, yet I fancy it is not *Locke upon Human Understanding*.

A POET'S PUNISHMENT.

The Duke of Mountausier, thinking he saw great scandal in Boileau's satires, said, that the writer ought to be sent to the gallies crowned with laurels.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We believe the following to be the production of some young man, who, if he continues to court the muses with assiduity, may in time become a favorite. If this is a first attempt, it deserves encouragement. The spirit of tenderness which runs throughout the piece, and pious sentiment in the last verse, do honour to the Author's feelings, which we believe were really excited. A little more attention to polish and accuracy will render any other communication more acceptable.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

How cheerless, Laura, has each ling'ring hour
  Mov'd heavy onward mark'd with dreary woe;
Dark threat'ning clouds did o'er each moment lower,
  While hoary time pass'd on with footstep slow.

Each rising morn I wak'd with anxious fear,
  And gentle hope in warring throbs conjoin'd;
Each added night too, eager, wish'd to hear,
  But still I fear'd the untold truth to find.

Oft have I wander'd by the river side
  Where gentle S***** rolls its placid wave,
Oft have I listen'd as its waters glide
  In plaintive murmurings o'er the seaman's grave.

And when the sea-bird's melancholy song
  Borne o'er the blue expanse has reach'd mine ear,
(To lovers only such sweet scenes belong)
  How has the pleasing music lull'd my care.

From thence I've sought the forest's darken'd gloom,
  To let the sigh of manly passion free,
There to lament thy wretched Selim's doom;
  To carve his woe upon the tender tree.

When too, from each sad solitary scene,
  With wayward footstep slow my home I've sought,
I frequent paus'd upon the meadow green
  And thought my Laura—of *thee* fondly thought.

Oft on my downy bed I've sought repose,
  Wooing the gentle goddess to my eyes;
But pleasing slumber from contentment flows,
  And from the child of woe regardless flies.

But if at length she deign'd to hear my pray'r,
  To bind each sense beneath her poppy chains;
Affright'ning dreams renew'd my daily care,
  While icy terror ran along my veins.

Blest then, the day when first I wak'd to joy!
  And saw my Laura on a couch reclin'd,
I tasted perfect bliss without alloy,
  Sweet pleasure thrill'd along my happy mind.

A lilly whiteness had usurp'd the place
  Where once the roseate hue of health had shone,
Where once united on her blushing face
  It bloom'd more lovely than when thus alone.

Her curling ringlets floated in the air,
  Whose jetty blackness form'd a contrast fine
With her white neck, so elegantly fair,
  Endeavouring still around it to entwine.

With glowing love I touch'd her beauteous hand,
  Gently I press'd it to my burning heart,
While fire, etherial, as at Heav'ns command,
  Did thro' my breast with nameless rapture dart!

Grateful my eyes toward the thund'rers throne,
  With pure affection and regard I rais'd;
Next to the Godhead did my bosom own
  The graceful Laura, worthy to be prais'd.

YELSE.

SMILES.

There is a smile which oft we trace
In many a fair unmeaning face,
Yet wild, and vacant, all the while
Roves the light heart— *a silly smile.*

There is a smile, of which the heart
Does not partake the smallest part;
Where all is vanity and guile—
A pert coquet's *alluring smile.*

There is a smile, in which the whole
Warm, genuine feelings of the soul,
Are sweetly pictur'd, free from guile—
And sure, that must be *Delia's smile.* P. G. O.

ADVICE.

If you wish to find
  The little haughty God,
Seek not where tranquility
Contentment or fidelity,
  Take up their blest abode.
But deep within some breast
  With artifices fill'd,
Or heart that knows no rest,
  The Traitor lies conceal'd. P.

SELECTED POETRY.

IMPROMPTU.

The snowy breast, the black inviting eye,
Have serv'd each youthful poet's strength to try;
These are his constant themes, on these he dwells
With eager joy, and thinks that he excells;
Thinks that his mistress must discern his merit,
And feigns his raptures, just to shew his spirit:
I hate such fawning arts, else Delia's praise
Might find employment for eternal lays;
But one short line my passion shall express,
I cannot love thee more, nor love thee less.

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